

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS

VOL. V.—NO. 22

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL

BY WILLIAM W. STOCKWELL

WILFRED MONTRESSOR.

OR,

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE
COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK THIRD-THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CALL AT DOCTRINE

Frederick Willoughby was walking slowly toward Broadway when he was startled from the reverie of a moment by the tones of a voice not unfamiliar to his ear.

"How now, Willoughby—a youth of twenty-one, in profound meditation?"

The young man looked up and beheld the trusted friend, Wilfred Montresor.

"Ah! Mr. Montresor," said he, smiling, "there is a lady in the case."

Montresor took the young man's arm, and they moved on at a moderate pace.

"You have excited my curiosity, Frederick, by your allusion. Who is the lady?"

"A comparative stranger—Miss Caroline Percy. She resides in this street, at the distance of a few doors from the spot where you overtook me."

"Caroline Percy," said Montresor, musing.

Frederick Willoughby continued: "Miss Percy was returning from church with aunt last Sunday, and was taken with a sort of fainting fit in the street. It was fortunately in my power to render her a slight service. My fortunately, because I have gained thereby a very pleasant acquaintance. She is frank, sincere, intelligent, accomplished and beautiful."

"A list of truly desirable qualities, Mr. Willoughby. Did I understand you rightly in regard to the period of your introduction to this lady?"

"Last Sunday."

"As you have seen her perhaps two hours."

"Not longer."

"Beauty may be measured at a glance by the eye of a sculptor; but you have discovered frankness and sincerity with the same facility."

"Miss Percy seems to be what I have described."

"You judge of human character then on first impressions. It is the fatal error of youth and inexperience to take the semblance of things for the reality."

"I felt more wise to be constantly suspicious

"The deceit is in ourselves," replied Montresor. "We are misled by our interests, our prejudices, and our passions, and when our mistakes are palpable, we endeavor to fasten them upon others. The man who complains of a friend's coldness condemns himself, for no man ought to give his friendship until he has read the heart as well as the face of his neighbor."

"Is that possible?"

"The lines of age are not more indelibly impressed on the features of a man, than are truth and honor on his words and actions. They require only to be calmly scrutinized and impartially weighed."

"That love!"

"Love is the fragrant, delicious flower which passion engenders on the evergreen Friendship."

"Yet oftentimes it springs up involuntarily at a glance."

"Yes, the love of the fool, the idiot, the madman, who would rather sit the seal for a king than the seal of common sense will bear for such a stupendous folly."

The buzz and tramp of the foot-passengers and the clatter of carriages and omnibuses in Broadway, checked the conversation. The gentlemen pursued their promenade, interchanging, occasionally, a few words on the ordinary topics of the day. On arriving at the corner of Third and Frederick Willoughby detained his companion.

"Come home with me," said the young man, looking at his watch. "We shall surprise my venerable mother at the tea-table."

Montresor hesitated.

"Come with me," aided Willoughby, earnestly. "She is alone, and will be pleased to see you."

"I accept your invitation," replied Montresor, "on condition that you will afterward accompany me on a visit to one of my friends."

"With pleasure."

"You are in the way of making new acquaintance, add the traveler, with a grave smile, "and you will not perhaps regret the introduction I am about to give you."

The prediction of Frederick Willoughby, in relation to his mother, did not prove to be correct. She had been summoned to the bedside of a dear friend and relative, Mrs. Isabella Hopkins—so Mrs. Weston, the housekeeper, informed the young man—and the period of her return was extremely uncertain.

Montresor, however, did not stand in the center of the tea room, with his pleasant beverage, and palpable delicacies, and a presiding divinity, in the shape of Mrs. Weston, the housekeeper. An hour was passed in the quiet enjoyment of the evening meal, and a cursory glance at the newspapers.

The approach of darkness reminded Montresor of his engagement for the evening.

"Dr. Brown is a man of profound and curious learning," observed Willfred Montresor, appraising his young friend of the nature of his engagement, "and besides, he has a daughter."

"A hint, my dear sir," said Willoughby, laughing, "that she should consult the minor, in advances of the doctor. Come with me to my dressing room."

Afterward, as Frederick Willoughby opened the street door, a gentleman mounted the steps.

"Just going out, Willoughby?" The speaker was Alfred Tracey. "I am glad I have caught you."

Hearing footsteps in the hall, the young man paused until the light of the hall lamp revealed the person of Alfred Montrose. With a polite nod, he continued addressing Willoughby: "I came to report the sequel of our adventure this morning; but as you are engaged, I will defer it to another opportunity."

"To-morrow, Tracey."

"In the meantime," said Alfred Tracey, placing a sealed package in the young man's hands, "examine at your leisure the contents of this envelope."

Without a glance at the envelope, Frederick Willoughby carelessly thrust the package into his coat pocket.

Alfred Montrose and the young men left the mansion of Mrs. Willoughby, in company with the maid, and proceeded toward Broadway, conversing freely on general subjects. At the corner of Broadway and Bond street, Alfred Tracey separated from the other gentlemen, with an assurance to Frederick Willoughby that he would call upon him in the morning.

At the residence of Alfred Tracey had vividly recalled the scene at the club-house to the mind of Willoughby, and upon his disappearance the young man related the details of the affair to his companion, with entire frankness.

Montrose listened with apparent interest to the story.

"The testimony of the waiter was conclusive against the *notorious* Captain, and his friend, said Willoughby, at last, in a tone of inquiry.

"Clearly so," said the traveler, gravely.

"The fellows were impostors and cheats."

"Unquestionably."

"It mortified me excessively, to discover that I had associated upon terms of familiarity, even during a few hours, with men so utterly destitute of principle, and degraded in character."

"And yet," said Montrose, gravely, a gentle smile upon his handsome features, "you must not be too sensitive in regard to his associates."

"In respect to these persons," rejoined Willoughby, "I had the guaranty of my friend Tracey, that they were Southern gentlemen of the highest standing and respectability—but he was unaccountably deceived in them."

"You were introduced, then, by Alfred Tracey, to these adventures?"

"I was."

"Have you met them at any time in the society of other gentlemen of your acquaintance?"

"I have known them but two or three days, and never saw them at any other social assembly."

"You are quite intimate with the younger Tracey, Frederick. Have you entire confidence in him?"

"I have known but little of the Traceys, until recently. The elder brother is reported to be rich; and Alfred is a gay young fellow, rather like people, in his morals; yet amusing, versatile, gentlemanly in his manners, and strictly honorable."

"And his means?"

"He is dependent upon his brother," said Willoughby, "to whose fortune he is the prebiter. His expensive mode of life indicates a liberal allowance from his brother."

"It seems strange," said the traveler, after a moment's reflection, "that a man of narrow intellect, and niggardly habits, like Owen Tracey should be so generous to another as to render him the object of a conspiracy for plunder."

The residence of Doctor Everard was a neat edifice of brick, two stories in height, fronting upon University-Square.

It was a wet day, evening, Montmorency perceived in the dusk of the evening that he was approaching the entrance of the doctor's residence. Upon ringing the bell, the door was speedily opened by a domestic.

The gentlemen were ushered into a saloon, or drawing-room, of moderate size, furnished with elegance and taste. A cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, an object which the chilly weather rendered doubly agreeable to the visitors.

A young lady, the daughter of Doctor Everard, attired in an evening dress of white muslin, was playing at chess with her father.

Her features were beaming with a smile of triumph. The doctor was evidently puzzled by the state of the game, and the young lady was smiling at his mistake. Yet the predominant expression of her countenance was fixed her laughing blue eyes upon the silvered temples of her father, with an expression of respectful tenderness.

Her face was partially shaded by the curling ringlets of dark brown hair which covered her cheeks, and extended in luxuriance even to her neck and shoulders. Her countenance was gathered into a thick braid on the back of the head, and adorned with a bouquet of natural flowers.

There was something at once striking and attractive, in the simplicity of her dress, the grace of her attitude, and the tender, triumphant, yet interested expression of her face.

"Upon the hearth, near her, lay a beautiful Italian dog, with long, white, curling hair.

The chess-table stood at the distance of three or four feet from a center-table on which was burning a magnificent astral lamp.

"It is a cheek-mate, Helen," said Doctor Everard.

"Visitors," said the young lady, in a subdued tone, cast a glance rested upon the gentlemen who had just entered the apartment.

Doctor Everard rose from the chess-table and advanced to meet his visitors.

Monsieur presented his friend, Mr. Frederick Willoughby, and after the ceremony of a formal introduction was over, remarked, with a grave smile,

"My friend, I am extremely glad to see you."

"No, Mr. Montresor," Your appearance is a seasonable relief in the moment of defeat. My little army of bishops, knights and pawns have just been compelled to surrender their king to the enemy."

The gentlemen approached the chess-table and surveyed the condition of the game.

"Your queen is lost, Doctor Everard," said Montresor, "and the king within one move of a check-mate. You have been surprised by a very ingenious and forcible attack."

"Chess is my only recreation. Other games are distasteful to me from their extreme simplicity of combination or their dependence on the playful vagaries of chance. Chess demands the constant exercise of the inventive and reasoning faculties—and yet it relieves the tension of mind arising from professional studies and pursuits."

"Is not the game, however, I am so much for Helen?"

"Pa is my teacher," said Helen Everard, with a pleasant smile, "and takes more pride in my proficiency as a pupil than in his reputation as a player."

"You have stolen the occult philosophy of the game from the tomes of Monsieur Alexandre.—You will not pretend, Helen," said the doctor, pointing to the chess-board, "that I taught you this system of concealed attack."

"No," replied Miss Everard laughing, "it is a brilliant device—partly the Frenchman's, partly the doctor's. I have learned the proper responsibility, except falling into the snare." Then turning to Montresor, she asked, "Do you like chess, sir?"

"I do not play frequently," Montresor answered, "but it is truly a noble game, and I regret the loss of the opportunity of one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen of ancient and modern times. Its origin is lost in the fabulous chronicles of the Eastern nations. The Asiatics to this day are passionately fond of chess, and heighten the intense interest which they attach to the game by the most extravagant wagers. Their chessboards are elegant, and the pieces—the kings and queens, bishops and knights, elephants and foot soldiers—are miniature statues of pure ivory, exquisitely sculptured and richly colored."

"Are they fine players?" inquired Frederick Willoughby.

"The most extraordinary player I ever beheld was a Brahmin at the court of one of the petty Indian princes. His fertility of resource and boundless invention were manifested in the astonishing variety of his combinations. A mistake on the part of the king and queen, and the player inconsequently, was invariably fatal.—After such an occurrence, the spectator was some-

times belted breathlessly on the watch by the irresistible march of the senseless statistic of "Irony."

"And the player was as a man in communion with spirits?" interposed Mrs Everett rapidly.

"Grave, silent, absorbed."

"There is a mysterious influence in the combinations of the chords and which is indefinable—though by no means inappreciable. I have sometimes felt myself impelled onward in my moves, less by an exercise of my reason than by an intuition derived seemingly from the inspired aim of purpose of the marshalled pieces themselves."

The Brains of Hildebrand startled me one day with a similar idea," observed Montresor. "I play at the call of the pieces," said he gravely in reply to one of my queries.

"The sensation is most vivid," continued Helen Everett, "when I am conscious that my position is in harmony with the fundamental laws of the game."

"There are delusions of the reflective faculty," said Montresor, "a curious, recalcitrant, inexplicable—this is probably one of them."

"On the other hand," replied Doctor Everett, "Helen's experience, perhaps, reveals the germ of a profound thought—that all the productions of nature and of art have a spiritual as well as a material existence."

"The ancient Greeks invested their mountains and rivers with a human form and clothed them with the charm of personage by resolving them with hu-

aginary beings—Sylva, Dryads, Nymphs and tutelar divinities of different orders. The wand of science has banished these spirits, whether good or evil, to the regions of poetry and fable. Can she replace them by true creations?" inquired Montreux.

"The proof man," said doctor Everard, "is an essence indestructible and immortal, endowed with more transcendental faculties. As we descend in the scale of animal existence, we find a lower development of spiritual being, which power to a certain extent sympathizes with ours. We love and hate, approve and disapprove. It is unreasonable to believe that the tree which yields us the tonic which we esteem so has a yet lower grade of spiritual existence, whose manifestations are not cognizable by the senses. Do certain material objects obtain their influence over us entirely by the power of association or imagination? When I return to the hamlet where I spent my early youth, the trees by the sparkling brook, the bridge itself, and the green hills, all seem to me to whisper secrets to me. Do they not know me with a dim uncertain knowledge? If they do not speak to me by visible signs or audible sounds as my dog and my mocking bird, are there not other modes or spiritual communication adapted to their power?"

"You are blending the theory of nature with the licentious poetry," said Montreux.

"The constructions of art," continued the doctor, "are even the combinations of a chess-board, may be supposed capable of a complex, yet appreciable, condition of spiritual being."

"Is there any proof, doctor?"

"Our daily experience, rightly considered, abounds with it. But the tendency of the hum-

The spiritual agencies of this universe are overlaid in a search after the nature and conditions of its material organization.

"I am a convert to my father's theory," said Helen Everard, with a degree of enthusiasm.—"I perceive intelligence in the gentle glade of a river, in the rustling of the leaves, in the variety of a forest, and the moaning of the plaintive night-breeze—in the smiling valley waving with corn, and the lofty mountain burdened with glaciers. And the flowers—does not the early violet shelter herself beneath the spring grass and the crocus, and the pansy, and the poppy, and the rose and the bellflower conscious of their beauty and their fragrance! Surely the beneficent Creator has not formed such lovely objects and failed to endow them with a sense of enjoyment and self appreciation!"

"I am convinced at perceiving that her simple earnestness of manner had attracted the admiring glances of her hearers.

"I am preaching," said she with a merry laugh and "that is my father's vocation."

"As a punishment," remarked Doctor Everard, "I condemn you to a game of chess with Mr. Willoughby."

"It is not a punishment to me, Doctor," said the young man bowing to Miss Everard.

"Nor to me, unless you play badly," replied the young lady, with a smile.

Frederick Willoughby became deeply interested, so that he forgot to be forgetful, and to notice the tapering fingers of the small white hand that marshaled the opposing forces of the chess-board, or even the delicate little foot, protected by a light morocco slipper, that peeped from underneath the folds of Helen Everard's dress.

Doctor Everard and the man of thirty-five parted the room backward and forward, conversing in a subdued tone—at first on personal topics, but afterward on metaphysical and philosophical subjects.

"I have been with much earnestness upon the theory of the spiritual intercourse of human beings with each other, as indicated by the phenomena of Mesmerism."

"The absurdities and quackeries of many of the itinerant lectures on Animal Magnetism," said the doctor, "may be too severely denounced by the honest inquirer, but, though, but it is impossible to refuse credence to a vast number of curious and successful experiments in this branch of modern science."

"Is your belief, doctor, of the existence of Mesmeric phenomena founded upon your personal observation?"

"On both, Mr. Montresnor. In a variety of cases of disease of the nervous system, I have

seen the most wonderful results produced by little mere exercise of the will upon the patient."

"My scepticism has been deeply seated," said Montross, "but I never refuse the conviction of my judgment to a adequate testimony."

"I have recently prescribed for a young lady," said Dr. Everett, "a nervous system is in a highly excited condition, her trifling situation a species of fainting fit—upon disappears leaving but little exhaustion, and no apprehensions of a second attack. Disagreeable, however, the extreme susceptibility of her nervous organs, I was induced to commence a series of experiments in Mesmerism. The result has been astonishing. She is an intelligent person, and is remarkably contented with the results of her treatments and impressions with clarity and discrimination."

"Is she a woman of integrity?"

"Beyond a doubt," Miss Caroline Percy is a lady of good education and accomplished manners."

Montross reflected in silence upon the information he had just received.

"It would greatly me," he remarked, allude to Doctor Everett, "to see your experience upon a person, and to judge for myself."

"There can be no serious objections," M. Montross. If you will accompany me to my patient's residence, to-morrow morning, I will exert my influence in her favor."

The name of Charles Theodore Frederick, William and Helen Everett, resulting in the defeat of the former, after a well-contested struggle.

As he arose from the table, at an intimate remark from his friend Mayor—Mr. W. Loughbry remarked:

"On another occasion, Miss Everard, I shall hope for better success."

Soon afterwards the gentleman withdrew.

A Statement on Atheism.

Gov. Robert J. Walker: As President Polk's Secretary of the Treasury, and at one time Governor of Kansas, is well known to many of our readers, as a financier and statesman, but in the following extract from a familiar letter to his family, of a gentleman of this city now in Washington, he is revealed in a new character. The language is warm, but the extract is full of interest.

"Some ten or twelve days since, the Governor received a slight injury, to which he paid little attention, but which finally assumed a character somewhat alarming, continuing him to his bed, since which time I have been a daily visitor, and have taken the opportunity to draw him out on subjects upon which I wanted information, and with the very highest benefit and instruction. To-day (Sunday) finding him very much improved, though still confined to his lounge, and only entering, 'Governor, I and so glad to see you better. What frail creatures we are. Has the thought ever crossed your mind that death was an eternal sleep?' He rose upon his elbow and gazed at me for several minutes. That look will never be effaced from

"I was really not at all in my usual speaking, but seemed to say, 'I have I for the last ten or twelve years, been associating on terms of more or less intimacy with an idiot.' I was rallying all my powers to offer an acceptable apology, and take my hat and leave. I mentioned me to a seat, settled back on the lounge, became animated beyond anything I had ever witnessed in him, so much so, that I became alarmed—he should suffer a relapse, and suggested that: 'I would call again.' 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I have or ever have had, a doubt upon that: immortal truth, you cannot leave this room until I have removed that doubt.' He uttered a conceivable argument, except those I had previously read and heard. I took no note of time and am wholly unable to say whether he talked ten minutes or three hours. During the half-century I have lived, I have come in contact with many men of great learning and ability, most of whom had had some science or branch of knowledge a speciality, and were great in that alone. But Governor W. is quite as familiar with the ancient classics as the most accomplished Professor. Of the British classics no Briton knows more. Dr. Lyman Beecher could not hold a successful controversy with him on a disputed religious dogma. In all the sciences he has few equals and no superiors. &c &c."

—

A revolution giving the vote to women 22 years of age is before the Ohio legislature.

A Vermont editor says he had a present on Christmas morning which "was not a piano but it could yell."

"Ideas," says Voltaire, "are like beads. Men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any."

The Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Boston, thanks God, Nature, and common sense for three powerful opponents to female suffrage.

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?"

"In course I duz, and what's more, I mean to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready."

A traveler inquired of a guide the reason why "there was always spoke of an abb," and was informed that it was because it always has the last word.

To the Fairness of the Measure of Progress.

The Journal

Inharmonies of the Social Relations.

Again, when we take a square look at a fashionably dressed female, (she is not a woman, our heart slacks down almost into our boots, and

[From the Plymouth Pulpit.]

"And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir : and went not."—Matt. xxi. 3

I read an exquisite satire upon these well-wish-ers in the opening services of this morning:
If a brother or sister, be naked, and destitute of daily food, says James, "and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"
But he was a well-wisher—he wished them well; and wished them well out of the house!—It is hinted at in another place:

This is the beginning of religion; and who can enter upon that state, so deep, so comprehensive, running down through life so continuously to the very end of it, by the mild instrumentality of a happy wish—by well-wishing. He that would enter into the kingdom of God must enter by one of those throats that are like thin, white, silken threads, as the child in his birth cries, and enters into the new life, as one feeble, as one just born, but in pain and tribulation. And no man can begin a religious life except by pulling forth such conscious volitions and purposes as reach to the very bottom of the soul. Every step further in that Christian life is a step in which our hearts are to rise higher and higher, and our eyes are to be lifted up, and we are to follow Christ. No man can literally follow him as the apostles and primitive disciples did. That which was to them a simple earthly reality, becomes a figure to us. They did walk about with Christ, following him. We can only let our actions follow his actions, and from day to day, be, according to the measure of our knowledge, like him. As the apostle says, "We are in the greatness of his power, and according to the sphere and office which he performed on earth. But it is the daily life in which a man is obliged to put forth energy, consideration, and positiveness peculiarly. For there is not an hour in which you are not called to choose between selfishness and benevolence; there is not an hour in which you are not called to choose between the higher and the lower; there is not an hour in which all the best notes of the soul do not sound, and in which all the heavenly influences do not appeal to the higher elements of the soul. Self-denial is simply that by which we renounce the lower faculties for the sake of

Every day a man who is a Christian takes up his cross somewhere. I believe that man will come to that state in which it will be no cross for them to do anything; but I have never seen a man in this life when it was not always a cross for him to do some duties. There are many a place where men are unconsciously doing a great effort for them to do right; but if a man takes up that in right doing he has no cross to it in it, I say that man is stultified by vanity. What! a man has grown; but a few seasons in the vineyard of the Lord, and he thinks he has got his man's growth in two seasons, or three seasons, or four seasons, or five seasons, or six seasons, or seven seasons, or eight seasons, or nine seasons, or ten seasons—by which he means, I have a great many clusters, and all these clusters are very good." But go and see what a vine is capable of becoming. See how by training it may throw out branch after branch, and spread far and wide, and trellis over a large space, and the sheafed abundance of its harvest. One vine well-trained, is worth more than half an acre of stunted vines. And will any man tell me that a perfect vine covers no more space than the top of this desk, when its proportions—the length and breadth, and height, and depth, and width it is capable of attaining, are well thought of?

Every day a man lives, he builds this field of attainment before him; and it is a matter of forethought and of choice between a hindering and a lower plane.

When, therefore, you look at the whole con-

I used, in going from Amherst to a place that I was accustomed to frequent, to pass through Mill Hollow, where there was often a light fog, and I was not at all surprised to find that I was breathing a killing vapor; but I never saw the time when I was young to go through that fog. Yet I see many men who are afraid to go through the mist, the tannin, the ridicule, the mild remarks, which emanate from these well-wishers. Oh, how they are afraid to go through that fog! They are afraid of summer insects, they are afraid of butterflies can chase down? Ye children of holy men and women, ye that were taught in your childhood to revere God's word, why are you now so afraid to go through the recognition of the spring to the you? You are afraid to go because these patronizing well-wishers are talking in your presence, you have not the courage to go against them. Ye that believe in the Holy Ghost, and in the power of the Spirit to change the heart; ye that are bold and are so bold that they are teaching, bold unless you be born again you can not see the kingdom of God—you are led by the nose by men who do not believe any thing; who are more well-wishers. Many of you have more power, your little finger than they have in the whole lot; ye are led by them, and are daunted by them.

When the spiritual and the carnal desires of a young man are so nearly balanced that he stand at equipoise, it only takes a feather

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 will be acknowledged through this paper each month.
 Contributions to be sent to Mrs. JULIA M. MASON, No. 98
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Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

OFFICE 34, 36 & 38 DEARBORN ST., 34 FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
JOHN W. WHITE, PUBLISHER.
J. S. JONES, EDITOR.

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The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

HARMONY, DISCORD, VICE, VICE.

In the number of the JOURNAL preceding this we analyzed, to a certain extent, the meaning of harmony, and showed conclusively that in the grand procession of earth's children from the cradle to the grave, there was no discord. This idea may startle some of our readers as being decidedly too radical for this day and age of the world. The position we then assumed, we believe to be correct; and in this number, we propose to further elucidate our views.

In all ages of the world, the idea has been entertained that there is no harmony in the works of God, especially among his children, and instead of attributing the cause thereof, to God himself, his children have been arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion, and pronounced guilty of being an element of discord. What! blame the effect, instead of the cause that produced it! Curse the edifice that tumbles down, instead of the incompetent architect! Abuse man for his inherent meanness, instead of the First Cause that produced him! Blame the cause, if anything, instead of the effect. This is one fault of the children of earth; they look at the effect, instead of the cause; at the result, instead of the agencies that produced it, and in their amazement at the seeming discord that prevails in the human family, they are led to deplore the condition of man; to utter words of sympathy for him; to breathe forth in tremulous tones, regrets at his inherent depravity, and the tendency of his nature to sin; and at the same time they praise God for his wisdom, his manifold goodness, attributing all power to him, and they will extol him to so use his influence as to bring every human being to a knowledge of the truth.

Boon! Supreme foolishness! Ridiculous idea! Heaven, where art thou?

Virtue, serene and happy, one of God's most beautiful flowers, blossoms when she hears her Father's voice; and vilified; and though her eyes are brilliant and her countenance all aglow with innocence, she has sense enough to know that Vice, introduced, vilified, scorned, looked at with supreme contempt, spat upon, is her sister, and she loves her, recognizing that she, too, is a jewel in that beautiful casket which God himself created. She does not scorn her—no, she would not—she does not. She loves her. Pure affection, unselfish innocence, a part of the GREAT I AM, loving her sister, Vice. Strange, bewildering conclusion! Within, without, all around, we feel the presence of angelic influence. Virtue, pure, angelic, noble; Vice, diseased, unclean, and repulsive; they meet and carouse; they love each other, and why? Because both contain Divine elements. Both are elements of harmony in the universe of God. But man, seemingly, knows more than God. He would blame the effect, and honor the cause. But those whose interior perceptions have been opened, see the encircling arms of affection around all humanity—Vice as well as Virtue.

Beautiful idea, a gem of gold in the store-house of mind; a flower of transcendent beauty in the garden of the soul!

But would you say that vice is as noble and attractive as virtue? No, we would not, any more than we would declare that the Indian in his birchen canoe skimming along on some crystal river, is as wise as Andrew Jackson Davis. We do say, however, that virtue is one condition; vice another, both equally commendable in the sight of God, when he considers the cause that created both respectively, yet one not as lovely, or beautiful as the other. Vice is not as pure as virtue; nor dishonesty as commendable as honesty. We do not claim that. Both are conditions produced by certain causes. Examine the cause; trace it link by link, until you come to the effect, and then pass judgment, and not till then. If you are so obtuse in mind that you can not trace the cause in all its delicate pulsations, until you come to the effects, just remain silent, and "Judge not lest ye be judged."

The world of cause, how grand the theme! It is the pulsating waves of the great I AM that produce elements of life and intelligence, and within them is an under current, like those in the ocean or air, and they, in turn, set more especially in the development of the human family.

Then, there is a cause for everything; and is that cause man or God? Who formed the little dew drop that nestles in the cup of some tender dower? Who breathed into the little seed the elements of life? Who gave the tiny flower its variegated colors? Who made the tall mountain, the beautiful valley—everything? The God-element, the Unseen, of course. What, then? is vice, but virtue; what discord, but harmony?

to elucidate the subject, and make it appear as plain as that the three angles of a triangle are equivalent to two right angles.

Supposing you have inherited Scrofula from your parents. The poisoned blood is in your system, and nature, in her efforts to banish it, therefrom, causes eruptions to take place all over the body. Are you not to be respected as much as the strong, healthy man? Who would dare despise you on account of certain *eccentricities* your system manifests? and, although your appearance is not pleasing to the eye, the acute mind would recognize the action of certain elements in your system, endeavoring to inaugurate a more desirable condition. Again, suppose that the patient has inherited from his parents certain propensities that lead, that draw, that compel him, as it were, to lead a licentious life. Is he not to be commended as much as one whose mind is in a healthy state, or will you despise him because of his inharmonious condition. In the eyes of God, all are equally commendable—the sick and the healthy, whether the disease be one of body or mind; for there is within each individual, an elixir, an all-potent element, that never ceases its action, until it is brought in harmony with surrounding influences; and, many times, that element, for it really exists, leads man to do some licentious act, as it were, thus paving the way for more harmonious relations.

A mere-point, a Deific-element, revolving in almost endless cycles, finally assimilates from the surrounding, a man. In these cycles, it is only striving for harmonious conditions, which could not be obtained at once. First in plants, then in animals, and finally in man, always striving to obtain the desired result.

In licentiousness, we find an out-cropping of the God-element in man, not for the gratification of that element—oh, no! but for the purpose thereby of inducing certain conditions that would place it in harmonious relations. Scout the idea as you may; deem it absurd if you wish; say "fanaticism run wild" if you choose, still the God-element in man will constantly work for conditions suitable for its nature, whether in the field of virtue or vice. How, you ask, work for harmonious conditions, when all is harmony in the Universe of God. Why say all is harmony when the God-element in man is striving for it. This is plain. There can be no discord to an element that is in perfect harmony with itself; and in this seeming strife, it is only seeking to attain a condition that will place all the elements of creation in their respective places, and in so doing, there can be nothing but harmony.

Beautiful idea, glistening with its own intrinsic merit! no borrowed light throws over it a mantle of love and charity! It exists within itself, conscious of its own wondrous powers, for it has analyzed all things, and found therein the all-potent-element of God! If the flower, in the insect, in man—everywhere, the God-element is at work, and he who can not see harmony manifested in all its works, catches but a faint glimpse of creation.

WHY PUBLISH BEECHER'S SERMONS?

Mr. JONES:—Please send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to my address for three months as per your offer in BANNER OF LIGHT. Enclosed is twenty-five cents.

I will send numbers to friends after reading, that your object may be attained.

Should I be pleased with the JOURNAL, I hope to continue subscription at full rate; but I want to ask in advance what can be the object of a publication devoted to the spreading of spiritual light, and the cause of liberal ideas and principles, in publishing the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher?

BENJAMIN SNYDER.

Jamesburg, N. J. Jan. 27th, 1869.

REMARKS: Our object in publishing Henry Ward Beecher's sermons in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is to spread spiritual light, and promote the cause of liberal ideas and principles.

One class of thinkers will receive benefit from Mr. Beecher's sermons more readily than from the lectures we publish from our best trance mediums; others will receive more benefit from the latter; hence, we publish both. Spiritualism is all comprehensive, and includes within its ample folds, all things in nature both upon the spiritual and material planes of life. The clear thinker sees the use of every variety that is found in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms.

In Theology, we see that Mythology was its predecessor, and progenitor; and was well fitted for the times then existing—for the then development of the human mind. The same of Old Theology with all its absurdities. Today, there is a large class of minds who have never given a listening ear to any other doctrine, and never will, unless it reaches them through an accredited minister of their system of religion. As we find the world, so we must accept it, and build thereon.

Men and women in all ages have sprung forth far in advance of the masses of mind, and they have been leaders in reform. Some have been the authors of new phases or systems of religion, and have gathered around them devoted followers, all of whom were absorbed, introduced, revived, persecuted and sometimes crucified as heretics, by the devotees of orthodoxy, or the old and popular systems—like Socrates, Jesus of Nazareth, Michael Servetus, besides hundreds of thousands of lesser lights were. While another class of reformers like Mr. Beecher, plainly see all of the principles advocated by the extreme radicals, appreciate the truths thereof, and are inspired to present those truths and principles in such a garb and such a light, that the most violent opposers of the supposed heresy, in a short time become most devoted radicals, and support the very principles they once condemned.

As an illustration, hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists have come up from the ranks of church fellowship. Hundreds of thousands are following their example every year. Mr. Bee-

cher's sermons are essential assistants in that direction. He makes men and women think; thinking men and women become Spiritualists, *licitly* so.

His sermons make Spiritualists think also. They learn many good lessons by reading them. They learn that our philosophy, our literature, is being advocated and appreciated by the churches; that Spiritualism is designed to break down partition walls and pulverize creeds; that it is not designed to sectarianize even Spiritualists; but is to liberalize, enlighten and make the world better. Hence, we publish Henry Ward Beecher's sermons.

In conclusion, we frankly say, if there is a single soul deconverted a Spiritualist, who wants to see Spiritualism harnessed into, and subjected to a creed, with Bishops and Priests, confessions of faith, with rights of fellowship depending upon the votes, or a compliance with the opinions and *ipse dixit* of others, or any other power than our highest conceptions of right reason and common sense, he will not find in the JOURNAL, an advocate of that which he may so much desire.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S REMARKS.

In this number of the JOURNAL, will be found one of Henry Ward Beecher's *practical* sermons. While Mr. Beecher more particularly applies his reasoning to what is commonly called Christianity, Spiritualists and other reformers, may with great profit apply his remarks to their own every-day life matters.

How much can be done for Spiritualism, by a positive will power. How many thousands are nominally Spiritualists, but have no will to take the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, nor any other good spiritual paper, nor to encourage others to do so, but are so fearful that they shall give offense to companion, child or friend, that they remain non-committal, even upon a subject which in its very nature should command their highest respect, and their most positive efforts to promulgate to the world.

Such men and women, in private conversation, wish and hope well for Spiritualism, but would not for the world have Mrs. Grundy know a word about it. They like to hear trance mediums speak, but not for the world would they have it known by their neighbors, that they had the least respect for the lecture or medium through whom it was given.

Thank God for the Beechers and the "fishermen" of to-day, as well as for the same class of men centuries past. They are the men who make their mark and move the world. It is not the *ism*, but the spirit of everliving truth that moves men's souls to action. Put on the armor of eternal truth, and speak out boldly—self-respect will beget respect for self and our opinions.

RECIPROCAL FAVORS.

We have, and probably shall continue to publish, gratuitously, the names of all the speakers of whom we have knowledge, together with their post office address, and change the same whenever requested. What favors do we get in return? This question, each speaker can answer for him or herself.

We do not belong to the complaining class. We mean to be perfectly independent in publishing the JOURNAL; but while thus independent, we mean to supply our subscribers with the best paper published in America! Did we say best? Yes, we said so. We will aim high, and if we succeed, it will be by dint of continued perseverance; and in so saying, we mean no disrespect to our worthy contemporaries.

We simply mean to say that we have set out to publish as good a paper as *material* not moved by spirit power, can produce, under existing circumstances. Now, to the point.

We desire to give the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, an opportunity to be tested; therefore, we offer it on trial, for three months, at the nominal sum of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Any one of our lecturers can procure us clubs of from ten, to one hundred and upwards, at every meeting they hold. Will they each consider this matter, and act upon it? If they would but consider the subject a few moments, it would need no other argument to convince them, that we are a first-class spiritual newspaper, circulated and read in each town throughout the United States, there would be a demand for lecturers in such towns, and a fitting compensation would be ungrudgingly made.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

In another column will be found the advertisement of William White & Co., publishers, to which we respectfully call the attention of our readers.

No better men, no more worthy company to do business with, can be found, in or out of the ranks of Spiritualism. For over twelve years, they have struggled to furnish Spiritualists with a first-class newspaper, and reformatory books. They have sunk money, and encountered opposition within, and out of the ranks of Spiritualists, that would have made faint hearts give up in despair. With Brother Luther Colby at the head of the editorial department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, it has weekly gained friends until it has become an indispensable institution of our country.

Their publishing house, with brother William White at its head, and with the other members of the firm, good and strong to back him, is rapidly gaining an enviable reputation—soon to be classed among the first of American publishing houses.

COL. D. H. FOX.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the fraternal call of our Brother and co-worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Col. Fox, Editor of the PRESENT AGE.

Dr. Fox is President of the American Association of Spiritualists, and of the Michigan State Organization, and we believe only second to Mr. M. B. Dyott, in the secret order of "Eternal Progress."

STICK N. JOHNSON AT LIBRARY HALL.

On Sabbath morning, the 7th inst., we had the pleasure of hearing an address by this lady, on "The Progress of Ideas." She was listened to with wrapped attention by those present. Her synopsis of the Progress of Ideas, was lucid and expressed in a clear, forcible style.

What subject more interesting than the above? Ideas are not inert, they possess a living principle which ever keeps them moving.

She alluded to Pythagoras, Galileo, and others, as entertaining ideas far in advance of the masses of the day in which they lived, and in eloquent language, depicted the condition of those whose minds are towering and who grasp the grand truths of nature intuitively, as always being subject to persecution, and regarded as fanatics, and as being generally abused by the society that they so far out-strip in all that pertains to life.

Her views in regard to augurality of genius, or those who grasp great truths intuitively, was indeed, pleasing, for this seeming augurality, was only an expression of the great truths within.

In the Progress of Ideas, since the first dawn of creation, the great minds who conceived them were often regarded in no favorable light, but were condemned to suffer death, in consequence of the innovations that they caused.

Ideas were the motive power that actuated either the good or bad, and it would be well for all to consider their nature and general tendencies.

Her allusion to "free love" was timely and eloquent, and was well calculated to do good. Free love did not constitute a license to sin, to violate nature's divine laws, and trample under foot the most sacred obligations of life. "Free love" had its barriers, and beyond them it must not go. Its mission was not to ruin, but to rear a noble, holy edifice where truth could reign supreme, exerting its influence to promote the happiness of all.

The subject of her address in the evening was derived from the timely and eloquent remarks of Mrs. Mills, in regard to the efforts of certain parties to proscriber Spiritualists and prevent them from becoming a party to certain movements about to be inaugurated.

In her evening address, she was, indeed, eloquent, giving utterance to ideas the practical bearing of which, could be at once noticed.

She honored the Catholics for their honesty. In not concealing their hatred of Spiritualists. She knew where to find them. They did not try to conceal their real intentions.

Her allusion to the Unitarians as being "the skirmish line" between the Catholics and Protestants, was too true.

To be appreciated, she must be heard.

She lectured during the month at Library Hall.

THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL, for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS each; a large percent of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

BOOKS AND SHEET MUSIC.

Any book or sheet music in the market, can be had at this office, at the regular publisher's price, and which will be forwarded by mail, on receipt of price, and the government postage, which is two cents for every four ounces or fractional part of four ounces, on pamphlets, and four cents on each four ounces or fractional part of four ounces, on bound books.

Address S. S. Jones, No. 81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

UNDERHILLON TREASURES.

The above is the title of a new work just published, which throws more light upon the subject of trance and the power of the positive over the negative, be the same existing on the physical or spiritual planes of life, than any other book published. The same will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of \$1.50.

Address S. S. Jones, 81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

DR. D. C. DANE, THE HEALER.

Will be at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the sixteenth, and remain twenty days; from the ninth of March to the thirtieth, at Battle-Creek, Michigan; at Marshall from the fifteenth to the twentieth; and at Coldwater the remainder of the month of March.

CORRECTIONS.

We urgently request those who fail to get their papers, to advise us of the fact, that we may correct errors in mailing and send missing numbers.

The Sorcerer.

The Chicago Sorcerer has been holding a Mass Convention at Crosby's Music Hall, Feb. 11th and 12th. We shall allude to it more particularly in our next.

Read the advertisement, for sale cheap.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. W. T. Stearns is engaged in the Missionary work in Pennsylvania. She earnestly says:

"I do not believe in kindling fires to let them die out. We must constantly add fuel to the flames. From the spirit-world we have every encouragement, and accepting all things which reach to a nobler humanity, we reach the hearts of the people."

Chicago is to have thirty-two miles of water-pipe, to be laid down next summer.

Miss Almada Fowler's address, is Sextonville, Wisconsin.

Stolt, a Boston actress, swallowed a fishbone, and threw up her engagement in consequence.

Napoleon, to conciliate Italy, has advised the Pope to renounce his claim to Papal territory, Rome excepted.

A grand Lyceum Masquerade is to be given, by the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, on Thursday evening, February 11th.—It is anticipated that it will be one of the finest parties of the season.

A resolution has passed the Common Council of Chicago, to establish a South Side Park, to be bounded by Lake Michigan and Clark street, and Thirty-fifth and Eighteenth streets.

J. Madison Allyn is engaged to lecture at Elkhart, Indiana.

Our sanctum was convulsed, on Monday last, by the genial countenance of our friend, C. G. Foster, of the Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri. We are always glad to meet him. His soul is always full of sunshine.

Dr. Duke, the healer, late of Rochester, New York, who, for a few months past, has been working such wonderful and truly astonishing cures by the aid of his Indian Guides—laying on of hands—gladdened our sanctum by his presence, on Monday of this week. God speed Dr. Duke, and all our healers, who are alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted.

MUSEMENTS.

Chicago is brim full of fun, or places of amusement. All the various places of amusement have on the boards attractive plays and productions, and are all well patronized.

Theatre Comique, at the corner of Clark and Monroe streets, which opened on Monday, the 8th inst., is meeting with good success. They claim a first class company, and the largest in the world, and intend to make it an interesting and pleasant resort of amusement for gentlemen and ladies. They present a multitude of attractions. Performances every evening, and Matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Arlington Minstrels reappear at Library Hall, commencing on Monday evening, Feb. 15th, 1869.

Sharpley's Minstrels at Wood's Museum, opened the week's entertainment on Monday, the 8th inst., with a set of new and vivacious novelties. In addition to their own people, Harry Macarthy, who some years ago played star engagements in this city, assisted by Miss Lottie Estelle, will appear in a series of English, Scotch and Irish character pieces.

Their programme is large and varied, and they who go to the Museum this week will unquestionably enjoy a host of fun.

The great extravaganza of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," was produced on Saturday evening, Feb. 6th, to a packed house, at Crosby's Opera House. In fact so great was the interest felt, in the play that the house was literally overflowed, a prestige which is of no small account in the first production of a piece.

On Tuesday evening it was reproduced to another overflowing house, and has continued to draw full houses every evening this week and is destined to have an unprecedented run. It is unquestionably the greatest success of the season by the management, C. D. Hess & Co.

The burlesque is founded upon the famous historic meeting of Henry VIII, King of England, and Francis I, King of France, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold in the Valley of Ardres in 1520, the incidents of which are unmercifully burlesqued and the lines filled with the most excruciating puns and witticisms.

The management have also filled the piece, apart from its intrinsic merit, with a constant succession of novelties.

The appearance of the Worrell Sisters at Mc Vicker's Theatre, who began their engagement on Monday evening, the 8th inst., was a grand and signal success, the house being crowded in every part. These Sisters are distinguished in the East as burlesque actors. Their names are Irene, Jennie and Sophie, and they bring with them their entire burlesque troupe, the music for their own burlesques, their leaders of orchestra, etc., so that their pieces will be done in exactly the same style that has enabled them to retain so strong a hold upon the people of New York city for the past two years.

Among the burlesques which have been particularly successful in New York, and each of which has been played something like 100 nights or more, are "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," "The Grand Duchess," "La Belle Helene," and "Barbe-Bleue." Besides these, there are many farces and character pieces included in the Worrell repertoire, during their stay. They are said to be very expert in their line and will unquestionably draw full houses, who will be delighted and highly amused at their burlesques and comicities.

The attractions at Alken's Dearborn Theatre during the week has been the reproduction of the "Lancashire Lass," until Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., when a bill of farces was presented; on which occasion Mr. Dillon took a benefit. And on Thursday evening, the 11th inst., Sterling Coyne's beautiful comedy was put upon the boards, entitled "A Woman of the World," for the first time in Chicago, which will be retained for a season, and draw full houses.

laid upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

A. I never think of that. When the time comes that I have that question asked, then I shall say most emphatically I cannot answer it. I shall answer it by saying I can not. No you see I shall answer every question that is given me, whether I answer it to suit the people or otherwise. We do not claim to be possessed of all power, or a capability of knowing every thing in the past, present, or future. We give what we have, and you, by your powers of reasoning, should take that which is good, as seemeth best for you. That which is good, whether it comes from the material or spiritual plane, take it and make use of it. Probe every thing as far as it is good for you. If Spiritualists, as a body, to-day, accepted all the ideas that are given, from the simple fact that a dwe-

A. The powers of compulsion are left behind, that pertain to the material plane of life. Bear in mind that it was the surroundings, the love of gain and power, that made them act thus upon the material plane of life. Not having anything which they could gain, or add to their happiness by such acts, therefore it is that they

"Fifth National Convention." In an article entitled "Fifth National Convention," by John B. Wolf, published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Jan. 23, 1893, my name is made the source of an error which I have no means of correcting. With your permission, I beg leave to correct some of them, and to reply very briefly to a few points in that article. The errors evidently arise from a lack of knowledge upon the subject of which your correspondent presumes to speak. I cannot but regret that he has not endeavored to see that he either knows so little of its teachings or has forgotten that its philosophy enjoins upon those who believe in it an investigation and knowledge of what they attempt to demonstrate. It is not enough to have a common sense, also, require the same qualifications. It is evident our friend is not a member of any secret society in good standing, and, to my certain knowledge, knows not what he waxes, either of the merits or demerits of right conduct. He is, therefore, not competent to give an opinion upon that subject. Honor, integrity, honesty, charity, benevolence and truthfulness are essential to worthy membership in the Order he is talking of. If he had been a member of those qualifications, he could have acquired the information necessary to an understanding of the subject upon which he writes. I presume our friend's opposition to the organic construction of the Convention is a very good one. He takes the fact that he came to the Convention as a representative of an association of Spirit-

[illegible]

Invocation by Mrs. Doty of Detroit, and the Convention adjourned sine die.

Frontier Department.

BY E. J. WILSON.

Send us a Lecturer Who is not Tinctured with Spiritualism or Woman's Rights.

We were creditably informed of a request made some time ago, by the Lecture Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Lockport, N. Y., to the following effect. To Mr. ———, Lockport, Mass., agent of Lect. Association:—

Sir:—Send us Lecturers for our winter course who are not tinctured, with Spiritualism or Woman's Rights.

A. B. Sect. Y. M. C. A. Lockport, N. Y. Sir:—Must send you Darned Fook, for all of our best minds are tinctured with Spiritualism or Woman's Rights.

Verily, verily, we say unto you, young men, you must take up with the Darned Fook, as lecturers, before your association. You must accept the hooks, for the corn goes with Spiritualism; and there is not to-day a progressive mind, or rising man or woman in America, that is not tinctured with the just and holy elements of Spiritualism and Woman's Rights. The finance account of every lecture committee in the United States, shows conclusively that: these lectures which were tinctured with Spiritualism and Women's Rights, were paying lectures, and that the people came in crowds to hear them, and ever will. Your old Fook is "played out." You must accept the issue or put up with the "Darned Fook." That Lockport agent is fully up to the wants of the times.

Man's Work vs. God's Work.

The following extract, we copy from that little little book, *The Darned Fook*, Livingstone Co., N. Y., of Jan. 14th, 1899.

"Rev. Dr. DuBois, of Big Flat, who has been holding protracted meetings at the Methodist Church in this village, gave our citizens specimens of street preaching, at 1 o'clock P. M., two days last week. In this connection, we must mention the significant fact that fourteen hundred converts reported in this Conference during last Conference year, increased the membership of the church but 192, besides 63 probationers, which state of affairs will give rise to the very serious question as to whether these revival seasons were of kind or man."

Of course, Mr. *Advertiser*, they are of man, and God knows no more of Dr. DuBois, the Big Flat, than he does of the *Advertiser*, or any other "Big Infim," but look out, Brother *Advertiser*, how you shout at Dr. DuBois, or he may call down the anger of his God, to knock your type into pi, and then would you not be in a pretty fix at the foot of the Hill-side Home. Let us give you a word of advice, Brother *Advertiser*. You request your Devil to tell Dr. DuBois to call on Dr. Jackson, of the Hill-side Home, and take a course of Dr. Jackson's cold water packing, and he will find it the best treatment for the hell he is in, that he ever got hold of. Try it, Dr. DuBois, if you don't find the fire reduced, the sulphurous crustation around you, dissolved, the hell within you, extinguished, then we will yield the point and confess that water cure establishments are not the thing, and can't cure, hell-fire ministers.

Fourteen hundred converts in one year: one hundred and thirty-two accepted—tremendous effort! Fourteen hundred times you have taken a soul up to God, and said, "God here is a soul from the shores of time. We want you to put your seal of acceptance on him or her." God takes the soul, looks at it, gives it a shake or two, and throws it back on earth, saying, "What do you mean by bringing me up such trash as this, mere rubbish and not fit for heaven or hell, and only fit for revival meetings."

One hundred and ninety-two received out of four hundred presentations; a little over seven per cent. of your work accepted, a very poor exhibit, Bro. DuBois. You are declared bankrupt in the High Court of Heaven, for your works only pay seven per cent. on the investment in your current account with the bank of Atonement, and there is no doubt whatever, that four per cent. of your accepted paper-souls will be protested and rejected at the expiration of six months, while ninety-five per cent. of our Spiritual draft on Heaven's Bank of Progress are paid at sight; and whenever one of our soul presentations are protested, it is one that has wormed itself into our numbers from the church, and in Heaven's accounts, known to be an old defaulter.

Call out thy praying lands, Bro. DuBois, continue to shake souls over hell, blow your horn in the streets, let the trumpet sound this year of jubilee, the *Advertiser* will say, right, the article in its columns, "What sends young people to the Devil, in Daneyille," being of more importance than a year of your street preaching.

The Fire Test of Dr. D. B. Moore.

One by one, the spirit test and parts of the Old and New Testament are being repeated in our day and time, by spirits through mediums. Steadily forward, the work goes bravely on. No backward step taken; "higher still higher," we are rising in chariots of celestial fire, and soon the earth will be beneath our spiritual feet. The fire test of Bro. Home, is an other proof that the God of the Jews, is he who called on Abraham on the plains, who wrestled with Jacob, who talked with the mother and father of Samson, who showed his hinder parts to Moses, who accompanied the three Jews through the fiery furnace, as well as on many other occasions manifesting himself to mediums of the Jews, was only a spirit of superior culture.

Let the work continue. Home with his fire tests, Lewis with his flower tests, Davis with his revelations, Persons, Swan, Bryant with their healing powers, the Davenportes with their nativity tests, the writing without human hands, carrying bodies through the air, and telling people all that they ever did,—are not these the words of those whose bodies we saw

put into the ground, through our mediums of the age in which we live?

The following we clip from HUMAN NATURE, (London, England) for December:

Mr. Home then proceeded to the hearth, and, breaking up the back of a burning coal with his hands, placed it on the palm of his hand, and then, still addressing the invisible guests, continued to explain what was going on. After carrying the coal about for three or four minutes on his hand, having allowed each of us to test the intense heat, he put it back on the grate, and to further satisfy us showed his hand, which was not even blackened, and, strange to say, emitted a perfume, to which he called attention. After a moment's pause, in which, evidently, a discussion was going on between the invisibles themselves, Mr. Home said, "They still doubt the phenomenon: I must take another lump of burning coal; they say one side was black." He then proceeded to the hearth, and selected the hottest incandescent lump of coal, not quite so large as the last, but burning hot; then turning round to us, said, "Only imagine, they will not allow it possible." He then thrust his hand into the grate, holding his face over the burning coal, and, covering the flame with his hair. To those who have never witnessed this there is something awfully solemn, I might say, but as terrible in this world, the dread fire test, that stands on the highways of the past warning mankind of the horrors of the power of burning coal; they say one side was black. "See," he said, "Daniel has not burnt a fibre of the hair of his head." I cannot conceal that I shuddered. But the first test did not terminate here; walking slowly up to Lord—who was seated next to me, he said, "I will now convince you of the truth of the phenomenon, if you will allow it. If you will allow it, I will place the coal on your hand." I interrupted, and proffered my hand, but was soon warned that my power could not shield me; though I only touched the burning coal on the dark side, and that for a moment, I burnt my finger. My finger was burnt, Lord, but my hand was not, and received the burning coal upon his palm. I closely watched what was passing: the heat of the coal was intense, sufficient to have charred an inch plank right through. Mr. Home said, "Now, I will further convince them (meaning the invisible guests): and, taking the coal from my hand, he pressed both hands firmly upon the glowing ember. The heat permeated through the back of the hands, which felt as if on fire; I could hardly bear it. After two minutes, the grasp was relaxed, and, on examining the hands of Lord—, not a trace of injury, or burn, or even blackness, was visible. He pretty well convinced us, but they want some other spirit to try, who does not understand how this is done. Well, let him; but I must not hurt Daniel; but I do not think he (meaning the spirit) knows how to manage the experiment." He then proceeded to the hearth, and, taking a small piece of coal, not thoroughly burnt, and held it in his hand, saying, "I will now hurt his hand: the coal has blackened the hand—burnt his hand."

Mr. Home then again addressed us and said, "I have convinced them now; their incredulity is pretty well conquered, but they want some other spirit to try, who does not understand how this is done. Well, let him; but I must not hurt Daniel; but I do not think he (meaning the spirit) knows how to manage the experiment." He then proceeded to the hearth, and, taking a small piece of coal, not thoroughly burnt, and held it in his hand, saying, "I will now hurt his hand: the coal has blackened the hand—burnt his hand."

Mr. Home now stepped up to a side-table, upon which was placed a flower-stem, and holding his hand about eighteen inches to two feet above the flowers, extracted the moisture and perfume from the petals, and poured it with large drops of perfume liquid. Again, speaking to the spirits, he said, "You see this, also, can be done; we can extract the perfume from flowers and carry fluids through space."

He then appeared to be speaking to some of the spirits, and, opening the door, made the usual startling noise, and, coming in with his spirit friends, he appeared to enjoy a laugh, and reiterated his satisfaction at the result, which had puzzled some of the spirits; after which he re-seated himself and addressed us: "Are you aware, do you realize that the phenomena you have seen to-day are what mankind call miracles? That you have witnessed the most terrible, traditional fire test? Will you not be more in earnest to teach the truth? Will you now be more sober in your investigation, more prayerful, more truthful? Yet what you have seen is no miracle, no suspending of the laws of Nature, but the laws of God. This can be done; we only passed current on what you call electricity round the coal, and prevented the heat from attacking Daniel's hand. Mankind do not know their power; they, too, ought to be able to do this; their power over all materiality is boundless, only they do not know how to use it. Now, faith is a potent force in nature. Have a few of you understand what yet every page of the history of the past teaches. We repeat, we performed no miracle, nothing supernatural; all we did was by arranging the electrical currents to shield the hand from injury. Look at the hand; no harm has been done; the epidermis is as uninjured as ever, not hardened, nor covered by an artificial coating. From all we have told you you will learn that it is a natural law that has produced these phenomena—one of the laws God has created. You little dream of your own power; but you can use it only when guided by reason. Test your power to place your finger into the flame of the candle would you do so? Certainly not; your power would rebel, and, by violating a law of nature, you would incur the penalty of an injury. God protects you by giving you reason. The great error of men is in authority and pride to others; to allow men to be deceived by false mediums, who have reason ought to be the ruling element. Now this evening we made passes over Lord—'s hand; these shrank him from injury, whilst Mr. J—, though he willingly proffered his hand, burnt it, and yet he only touched the embers for a moment with the point of his finger. In the first instance, preparation was made; he was taken, and all understood this, whilst those who had not been protected were certain to sustain injury by contact. The selfsame coal placed upon an inch plank would have burned a hole through it. Are you now satisfied?"

He then took his hand back into the grate, and, holding it over the fire, he said, "Remove the books; do not tell Dan of what has occurred, and let him wash his hands; purified by water, the contact becomes broken. You will understand the high significance of this book-burning; and we will explain why this burning of books, when a loud rattle came answering to some mental questions. Mr. H— had her chair pushed back two or three feet, and the table vibrated and tilted a great way as we finally parted for the evening."

I have to apologize for occupying so much of your time, but the subject is so important, with interest that I have been giving the account of this remarkable séance in *arctico*. Fire test, fire tests stand at the portals of the past; what they mean, whence they came—those dread fantasies of a

superstitious age—we had need to ask to what use they were intended. What a flood of light the phenomenon we have just witnessed throws upon the subject. We thus are enabled to understand their meaning."

But enough; your space has indeed been taken, and I must close. In my next I will give you an account of an equally remarkable séance."

Cyrus W. Field recently had a fall which injured his spine so severely as to cause serious apprehensions of a fatal termination.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATENA, MA.—Lycium meets each Sabbath at 1 o'clock P. M. Conducted, R. W. Weston; Guardians of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ANDERSON, CALIF. COUNTY.—The Society of Progress have just completed a new hall, and the speakers traveling their way to give a new call. They will be kindly received.

BARTON, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 20 Summer street, M. T. Dole, President; J. W. Weston, Secretary; J. W. Weston, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 A. M. D. H. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barker, Guardian. The Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 A. M. D. H. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barker, Guardian.

BOSTON, MASS.—Lecture every Sunday afternoon at 3 1/2 o'clock. The Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 A. M. D. H. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barker, Guardian. The Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 A. M. D. H. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barker, Guardian.

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Toluca, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in 104 Main Hall, Summit street, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited from outside. The Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. D. H. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barker, Guardian.

YOUNG, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. D. H. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barker, Guardian. The Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 A. M. D. H. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barker, Guardian.

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The Journal is a large folio, printed on good paper with new type. Theoretical, mostly original, and from the most popular among the liberal writers in both hemispheres. All systems, creeds and institutions that cannot stand the test of a scientific research, positive philosophy and enlightened reason, will be treated with the most severe and uncompromising criticism. The Journal is a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people. This journal will be published by the

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